

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, June 5, 1894, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Twin Oaks, West Washington, D. C. (June 5, 1894) My dear Alec:

I hope you won't mind my staying a few days longer. Unless I go tomorrow I can't get through without having to stop over Sunday somewhere, and I am really too tired to want to undertake a long journey unnecessarily. Until this morning I meant to and I expected to bring all the children with me, but we could not get accommodations for so many, at such short notice, and beside now the baby is here there is no such hurry. My children started off by themselves early this morning, and it would really be a good thing for them to make a little visit in Cambridge and see all their cousins there. I am sure Cousin Mary wants them, they want to stay and I have hardly seen anything of Mamma, and I think both she and Grace want me to stay very much. And I am so tired. You see, we began to be worried about Grace Thursday, she must have strained herself in some way. Anyway she ruptured some of the vessels supplying the womb with water, and it began to flow. The doctor assured her it was all right she must simply be quiet a few days, but this was the way the miscarriage began last year and he said the same thing then, so we were not much reassured. Friday night a consultation was held, and both doctors assured us everything was right, the baby, she had ceased to feel its movements, well, the position right, and no cause for alarm only the little thing might come any moment. On the other hand it might not come for a fortnight. Still under these circumstances I could not think of leaving Mamma especially as she seemed to depend on me more than usual, and there was so much to do to get ready for the arrival. I worked all day Saturday. Sunday morning it was evident the baby was coming, so I worked all the day until nearly twelve at night getting the bassinet and basket ready, and the baby came at half past one. I was with Grace a great part of the time, but had gone to lie down in the other room not expecting it for a long time,

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she seemed so easy when it came, but Mamma and Charlie were there. The baby was at the foot of the bed when I came in and the doctor still waiting for the after birth, so I packed it up and held it in my arms, the very tiniest little morsel of humanity, only four pounds and three quarters. It whizzed and didn't cry and both mother and grandmother were dreadfully nervous about it, but the doctor said it was all right. As for me I was so relieved that it was born alive I was quite satisfied, I hadn't had any hope all the time I worked over its things. I saw the nurse bathe it and gave it to Grace to nurse for the first time myself. The tiny mouth seemed too small to take the nipple, but the very moment it was in its mouth the baby began to suck. What a wonderful thing it is. Both mother and baby seem to be doing well and the doctor insists that the baby isn't small although every body else thinks so. Gardiner thinks it looks like a colored baby, and certainly Elsie couldn't have been redder and blacker, a perfect fur of soft black hair covers the tiny head. Grace looks so fair and lovely and happy. Mamma says the one who first takes the baby is the next to have one, so I ought to be —

3

I got the children ready to go yesterday, and sent them off this morning. They were vaccinated before they started and the other children a day or two ago. I don't know when they will come now, because they must wait now until the vaccine takes. If we get home next Wednesday it will be time before Elsie and Daisy's vaccine takes.

It continues cool enough here, and we are all very comfortable. I long to be home again, but if I don't see little Robert now I won't see him again until he is a big baby and it is the little ones my heart especially goes out to. Grace calls him my baby. Did you remember he was born on Berta's birthday, so he has her name.

Goodbye my dear, Ever your Mabel. June 5th 1894.